

## Morphia

# "Wicklow Mountains"

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In mystic mist  
These moorlands mourn  
Leaving colours  
Still unborn

The mountain road  
By clouds concealed  
Forever winding  
Through fogbound fields

I, just I  
And I alone  
Am lost in heather  
And stacks of stone

Graft and drizzle  
Gloom and grey  
Wicklow calls  
I drift away

On the hills of the Irish lands  
You will not see the sun  
The ancient celtic legends  
Will entangle anyone  
And in the end when you descend  
You'll be another man  
You'll need a pint of Guinness  
To regain yourself again

Sun for clouds  
Blue for grey  
Wicklow has let me  
Go again

Life and laughter  
Down below  
In a town called  
Glendalough

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